

DENSLOW'S  
MOTHER  
GOOSE



THE  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.  
PHILADELPHIA









# DENSLOW'S MOTHER GOOSE

Being the old  
familiar rhym-  
es and jing-  
les of **MOTH-  
ER GOOSE**

edited and ill-  
ustrated by  
W.W.Denslow.

1901 § § §

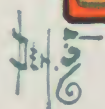
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lips & Company**  
Publishers §  
**NEW YORK**











This book is dedicated to  
ANN WATERS DENSLOW  
with much love and grat-  
itude for her help in its  
making























Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses, and all  
the king's men  
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty  
together again.

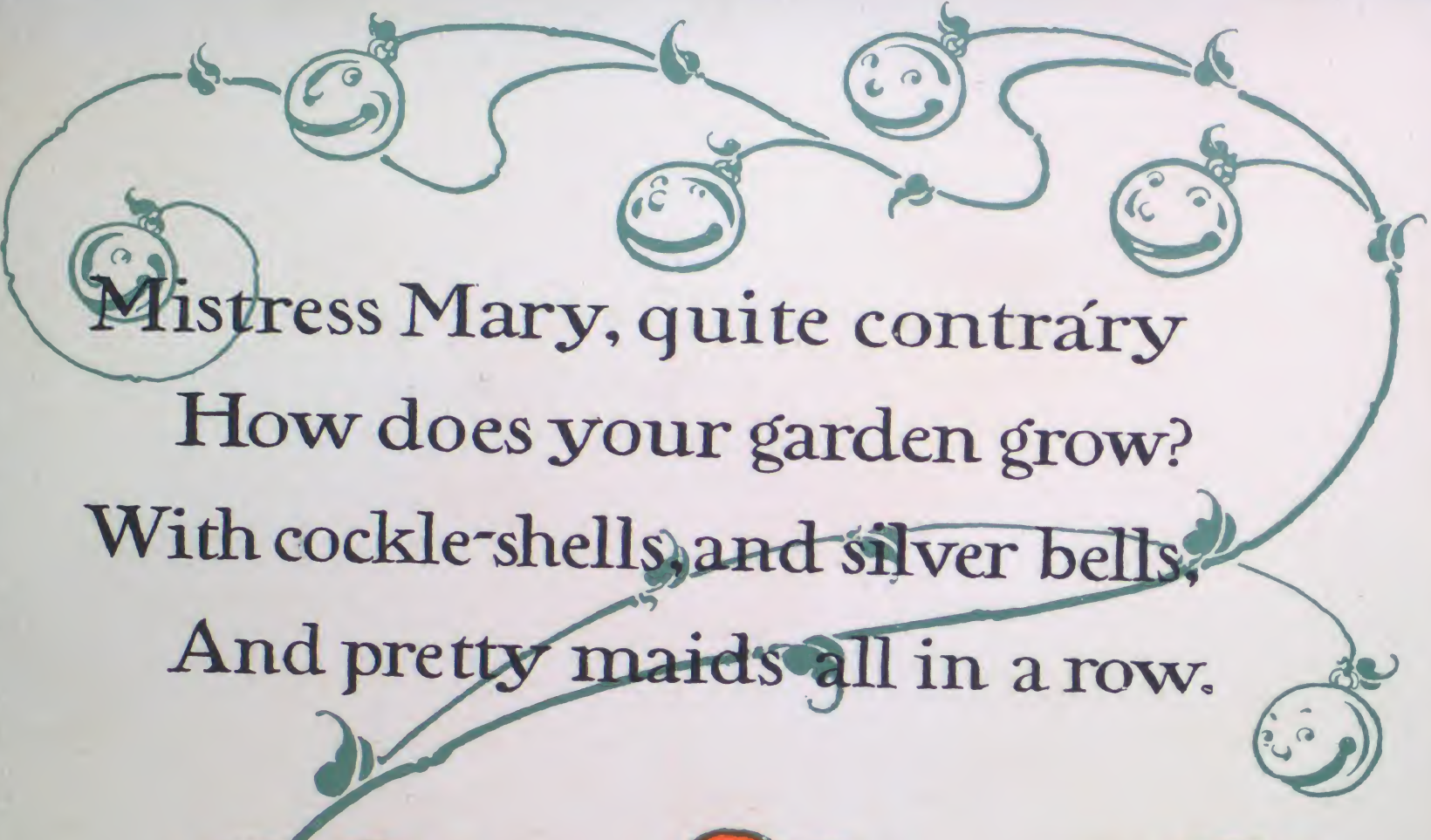
(An egg)





Handwritten signature in red ink, possibly reading "H. H. H." or similar, located in the bottom left corner.





Mistress Mary, quite contráry  
How does your garden grow?  
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.







Def. Jue







Bye, baby bunting,  
Daddy's  
gone a  
hunting,  
He'll never get  
this rabbit's  
skin,

To wrap  
the  
baby  
bunting  
in.







*Handwritten signature or text, possibly reading "The End" or similar, in a cursive script.*



Little Jack Horner  
Sat in the corner,  
Eating a Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb,  
And he took out a plum,  
And said,  
“What a good boy am I!”







For  
the  
H  
H





Old King Cole  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe,  
And he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he;  
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,  
went the fiddlers.

Oh, there's none so rare,  
As can compare  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.





Mr. Smith



Baa, baa.

black sheep,  
Have you  
any wool?

Yes, marry, have I,  
Three bags full;

One for my master,

And one for my dame,

And one  
for the  
little boy  
Who  
lives  
in the  
lane.







پیشانی



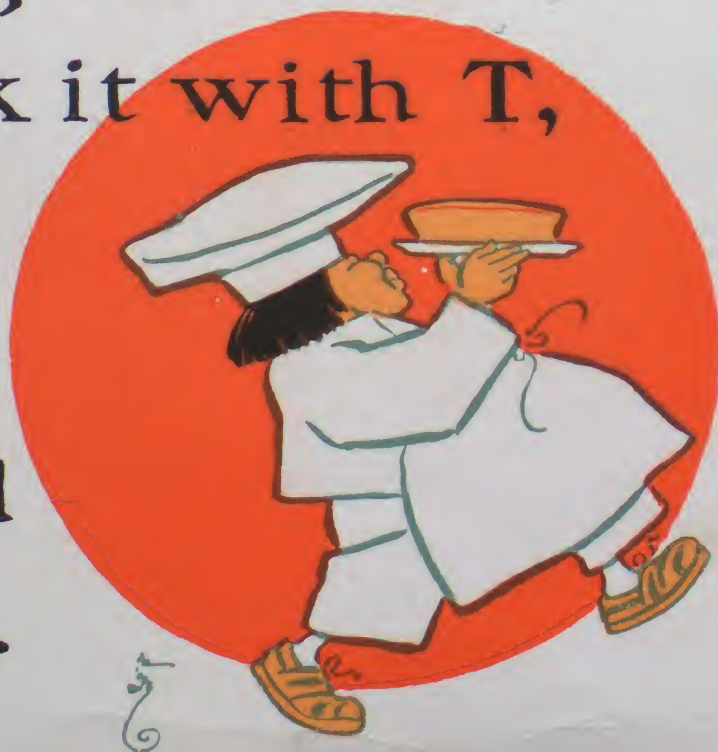


Pat-a-cake,  
pat-a-cake,  
baker's man!

So I will, master, as fast  
as I can:

Pat it, and prick it, and  
mark it with T,

Put in the  
oven for  
Tommy and  
me.











Great A, little a,  
Bouncing B!  
The cat's in  
the cup-  
board,  
And she  
can't see.











To market, to market, to  
buy a fat pig,  
Home again, home again,  
dancing a jig;  
Ride to market to  
buy a fat hog,  
Home again, home  
again, jiggety-  
jog.







*Handwritten signature*





*J. H. H.*

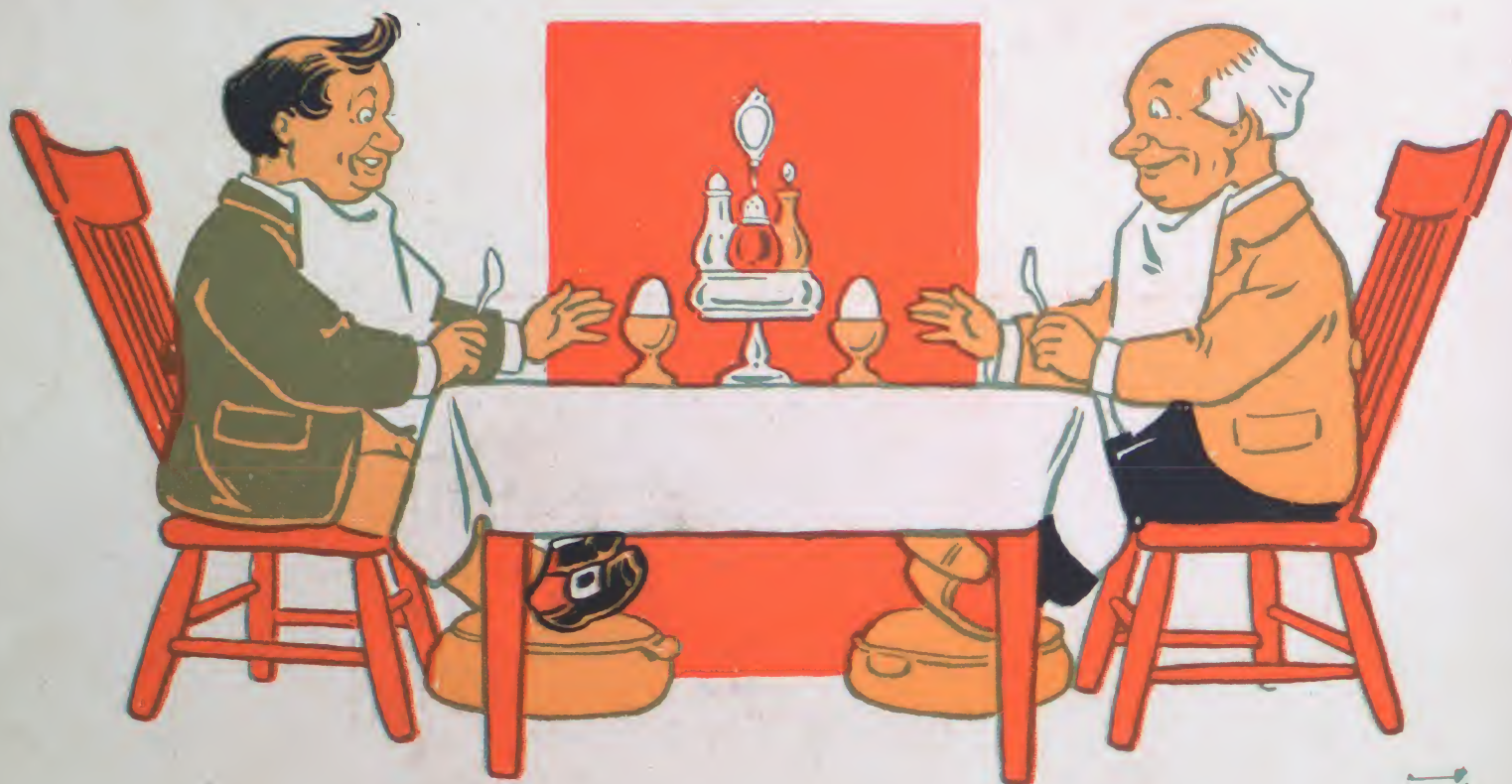
I love little Pussy, her  
coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her,  
she'll do me no harm.  
I'll sit by the fire, and give  
her some food,  
And Pussy will love me,  
because I am good.





Handwritten signature or mark.





Higglepy, Piggieby,  
My black hen,  
She lays eggs  
For gentlemen;  
Sometimes nine,  
And sometimes ten,  
Higglepy, Piggieby,  
My black hen!









Hickety, dickety,  
dock,

The mouse ran  
up the clock;

The clock  
struck one,

Down the  
mouse ran,

Hickety, dickety,  
dock.







鼠年大吉





Hush-a-bye, baby, on  
the tree top,  
When the wind blows  
the cradle will rock;  
When the bough bends  
it never can fall,  
Safe is the baby, bough,  
cradle and all.











There was an old woman  
who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she  
didn't know what to do;  
She gave them some broth  
with plenty of bread,  
She kissed them all fondly  
and sent them to bed.









Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
They made him a coat  
Of an old nanny-goat  
I wonder how they  
could do so!

With a ring-a-ting tang,  
And a ring-a-ting tang,  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!







Hee. hee.



Rain,

rain,

go a-

way,

Come again another

day;

Little Arthur

wants to

play









The rose is red,

The violet's blue,

Sugar is sweet,

And so are <sup>I</sup>you.





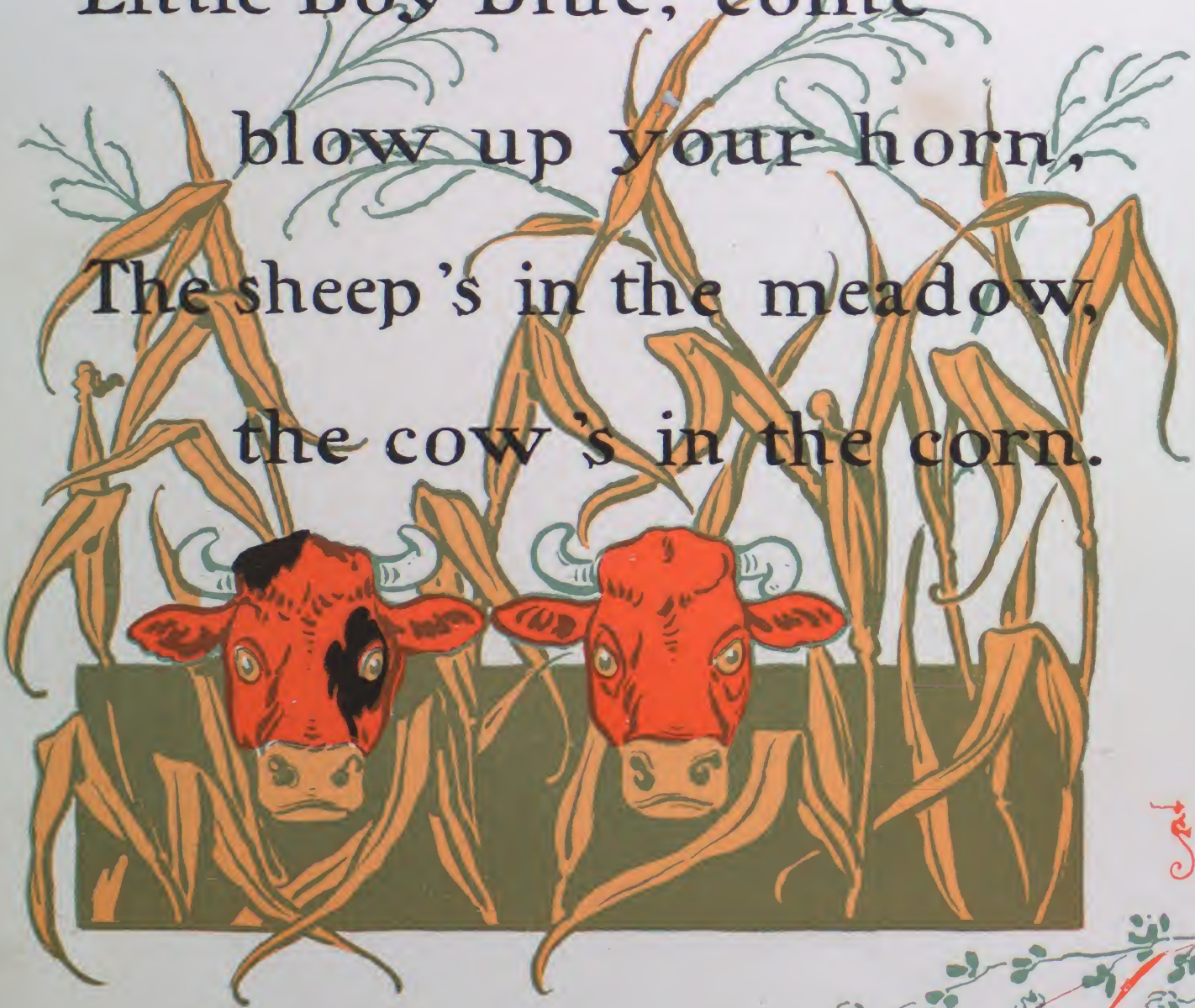


1954  
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Little Boy Blue, come  
blow up your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
the cow's in the corn.









There was an old woman  
tossed up in a basket  
Nineteen times as high as  
the moon;  
Where she was going I could-  
n't but ask it,  
For in her hand she car-  
ried a broom.

Old woman, old woman,  
old woman, quoth I,  
O whither,  
O whither, O  
whither so high?  
To brush the cob-  
webs off the sky!  
Shall I go with  
thee? Aye, by-  
and bye.



for









Ride a cock-  
horse to Ban-  
bury-cross

To see an old lady upon  
a white horse,  
Rings on her fingers, and  
bells on her toes,  
And so she makes music  
wherever she goes.







W. H. H. H.



The Queen of Hearts, she  
made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day;  
The Knave of Hearts, he  
stole the tarts,  
And took them clean away.





♥  
Q



6  
♥



The King of Hearts called  
for the tarts,  
And beat the Knave full sore;  
The Knave of Hearts brought  
back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more.









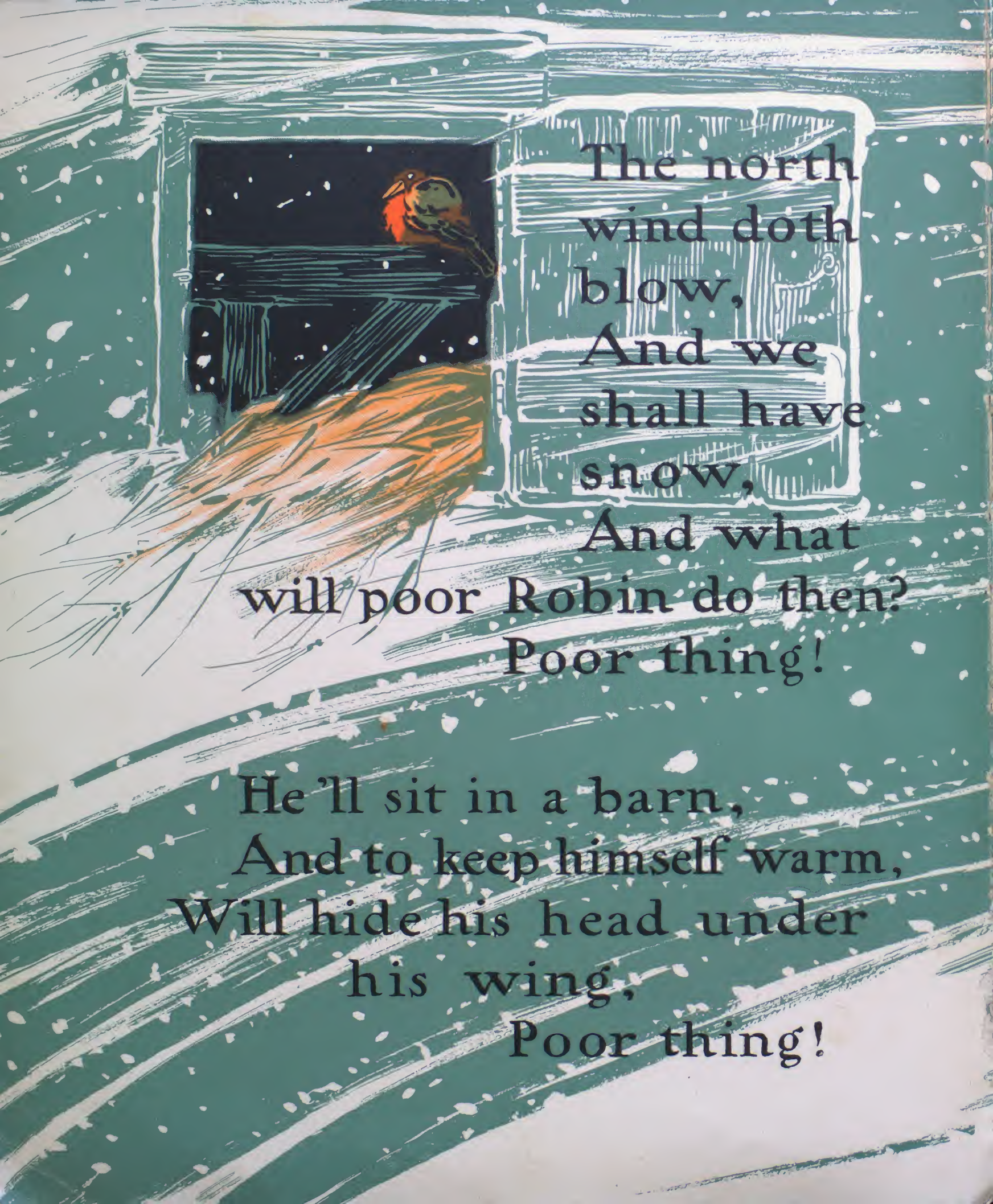
Little Bo-peep has lost  
her sheep,  
And can't tell where  
to find them;  
Leave them alone, and  
they'll come home,  
And bring their tails  
behind them.











The north  
wind doth  
blow,  
And we  
shall have  
snow,

And what  
will poor Robin do then?  
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,  
And to keep himself warm,  
Will hide his head under  
his wing,  
Poor thing!





Art



There was an old woman,  
and what do you think?  
She lived upon nothing  
but victuals and drink:  
Victuals and drink were  
the chief of her diet;  
And yet this old woman  
could never be quiet.







Paul  
Z  
P





Simple Simon  
met a pie-  
man,  
Going to the  
fair;  
Says Simple  
Simon to  
the pieman,

“Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple  
Simon,

“Show me first your penny.”

Says Simple Simon to the  
pieman,

“Indeed I have not any”

Simple Simon went a-fishing  
For to catch a whale:  
All the water he had got  
Was in his mother's pail.







Handwritten signature or mark in the upper right corner.





Little Miss Muffet,  
She sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss  
Muffet away











Little  
Tom  
Tucker  
Sings  
for  
his  
supper,

What shall he eat?

White bread  
and butter.





W. S. 1944





Mary had  
a little  
lamb,  
Its fleece  
was white  
as snow;  
And every-  
where

that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure  
to go.

He followed her to school  
one day;  
That was against the rule;  
It made the children laugh  
and play  
To see a lamb at school.



SCHOOL







And so the teacher turned  
him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear.

“What makes the lamb  
love Mary so?”  
The eager children cry.  
“Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,”  
The teacher did reply.









A diller,  
a dollar,  
A ten o'  
clock  
scholar,

What makes you come  
so soon?

You used to come at ten  
o'clock,

But now you come at noon.





John



I had a little hobby-horse,  
And it was dapple grey;  
Its head was made of pea-straw,  
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old  
woman  
For a copper  
groat;

And I'll not  
sing my  
song again  
Without a  
new coat.







Walt Disney



Peter, Peter,  
pumpkin-eater,  
Had a wife, and  
couldn't keep her;  
He put her in a  
pumpkin-shell,  
And there he  
kept her very well.









Jack and Jill went up  
the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down, and broke  
his crown,  
And Jill came tum-  
bling after.











The man in the  
moon,

Came down too  
soon,  
To inquire his  
way to Norwich.  
He went by the  
south,  
And burnt his  
mouth  
With eating cold  
pease porridge.











Hey! diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle,

The cow jumped over  
the moon;

The little dog laughed  
to see such sport,

And the dish ran  
after the spoon.











There was a fat  
man of Bombay,  
Who was smok-  
ing one sunshiny day,  
When a bird called a  
snipe,  
Flew away with his pipe,  
Which vexed the fat man  
of Bombay.







Hark, hark!  
The dogs do bark,  
Beggars are coming to town;  
Some in tags,  
Some in rags,  
And some in velvet gowns.







W. J. P. 1914





Jack be  
nimble,

Jack be  
quick,

And Jack

jump over

the

candle stick.









Three wise men of Gotham  
Went to sea in a bowl.  
And if the bowl had  
been stronger,  
My song would have  
been longer.







Deedle, deedle, dumpling,

my son John

Went to bed with his

trousers on;

One shoe off, the other

shoe on,

Deedle, dee-

dle, dumpling,

my son

John.









Cock a doodle doo,

My dame has lost

her shoe;

My master's lost his

fiddle-stick,

And knows not

what

to

do.







W. H. H. H.



Polly, put the  
kettle on,  
Polly, put the  
kettle on,  
Polly, put the  
kettle on,  
And let's drink  
tea.



Sukey, take it  
off again,  
Sukey, take it  
off again,  
Sukey, take it  
off again,  
They've all gone  
away.



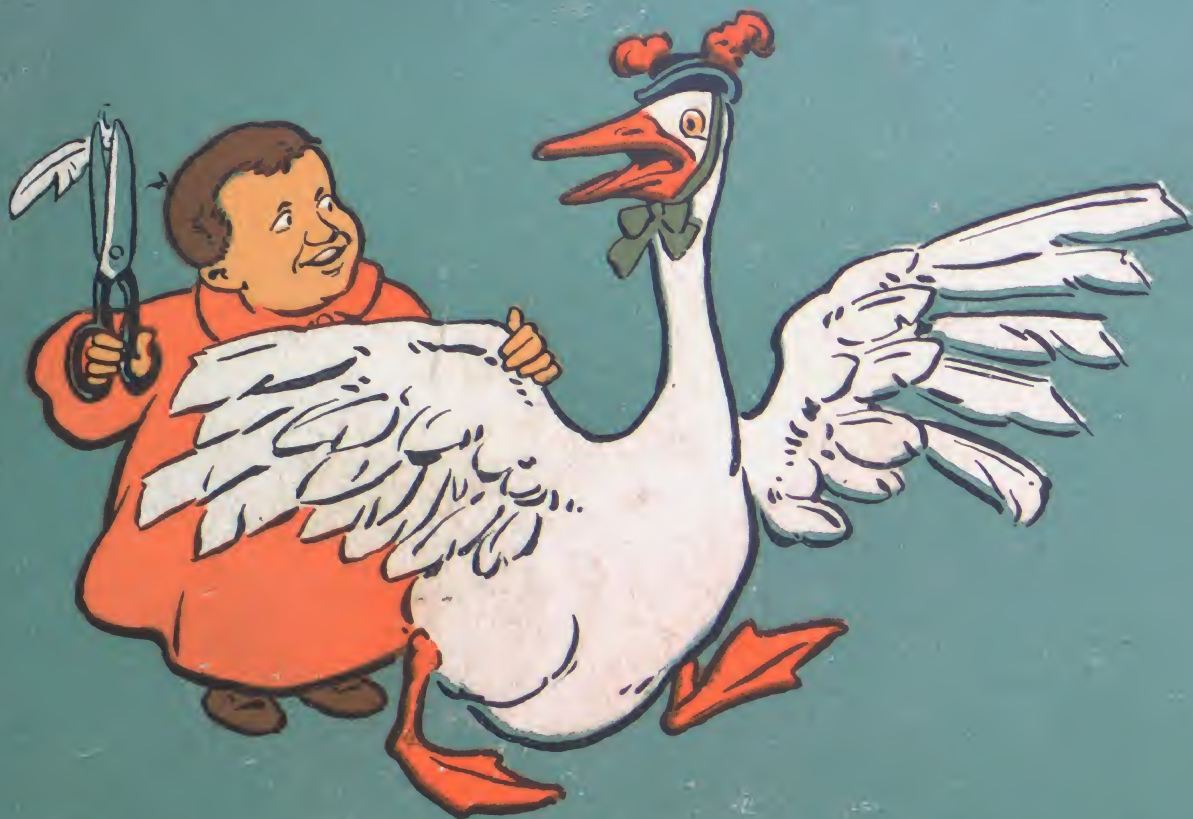


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Den 1







The verses in this  
book have been  
*hand-lettered* by  
FRED·W·GOUDY



JF DENS

446  
14/1/65



Handwritten signature and date: 14/1/65





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